



PEKAR on SUPERMAN! STURGEON on JESUS!

# SNARF™

CRUSE on NANCIES!

\$2.00 (US\$2.40 Canada)  
Mature Readers  
No. 12

YA  
"WANNA BE  
LIKE HIM"?

EASY KID!  
JUST CHANGE YOUR  
GENETIC MAKEUP!  
...AND READ  
SNARF!



©1989 CORN

# Special Superhero Issue...

Hope you were duped by our cunning use of subliminal advertising on the cover and have purchased the copy of **Snarf** you're obviously reading right now.

The artist, **Richard Corben**, went to great lengths drawing all those muscles and breasts and drool, you know. Think drawing that stuff's easy? It isn't. For that matter, do you think it's simple to persuade Corben, the creator of *Den*, to let go of most of his principles and engage in the sort of cheap, tawdry promotion you see on the cover? Think again!

But he and we did it, and once again it's **Snarf**, for the 12th time. An even dozen have washed down the gutter, and we've really sold out this time. Yes, it's a sad thing, but we've really "tailored" this issue to the "marketplace." In **Snarf** 12, you'll find stories with, gulp, *superheroes* in them.

Feh. Well, all right, it isn't as bad as all that. Not *every* story. It isn't a "theme" issue or some dizzy thing like that.

In fact one of the stories with superheroes in them is written by *American Splendor's* **Harvey Pekar**, and he gives us his somewhat jaundiced opinion of the breed in "What Superman Means To Me." The actual panel with Supes in it was drawn by **Robert Crumb**, the first time we can recall that he's ever stooped to rendering one of the long underwear boys. The rest of Harvey's story is illustrated by longtime *AS* contributor **Gary Dumm**, who makes his first appearance in these pages.

**Foolbert Sturgeon**—in his own **Snarf** debut—chimes in with one of his hilarious "Adventures of Jesus" stories. This time, Jesus is "At Home," and he's trying to keep body and soul together. Without a lot of help from above, we might add. Find out the secrets of the stars within!

Who's a bigger superhero than Jesus, you ask? Maybe those cute li'l critters called "Nancies." And then again, maybe not. Whatever the case for their superheroness, their pathetic lives are documented in "Raising Nancies" by **Howard Cruse**, the artist who has given us such diverse comics as *Barefootz*, *Wendel*, *Bazooka Joe* and

"Creepy Snuff Porn" (in **Snarf** 10.)

**Mark Landman** tries his hand at one of those "tragic" superhero stories, sort of. You know, the ones about heroes with *troubles*. His story is called "The Man With the Autonomous Tongue," and it's a poignant tale of unruly appendages and the tragic consequences of being cursed with same. Maybe it's the *tongue* that's the superhero.

Enough of that stuff. **P.S. Mueller**, one of the zaniest of all cartoonists, takes a look at a violent mall clown named Whoppo in his four-pager. There's nothing that remotely approaches a S.H. in it. If you see Pete, you might ask him why he called it "Uncle Dud and Spivel." Can't figure that out.

In our culture corner, **Jim Siergey** teams with up and coming playwright **Samuel Beckett** in the one-page adaptation, "Waiting for Gummo." Both Siergey and Beckett appear here for the first time. Another team making its debut is that of writer **Sharon Clayman** and artist **Al Via**, with "Elevator Man." Watch out for these two, folks, they're going to take you to the heights! The same holds true for another first-time **Snarf** contributor, **Wayne Honath**. He introduces his "Howie the Hat" character to us in two stories: "Howie's Wish List," and "You Pour, I Pick." No thanks, *you* pour.

**Steve Toornman** is back from **Snarf** 11 with two pages: "Art School" and "The Mile," and, finally, **Joe Matt** lets us peek at his life once again in four pages of embarrassingly autobiographical madness.

So you see, it isn't so bad. So what if you were duped by our cunning cover? Take it from us, you're going to enjoy **Snarf** 12. You can trust us for that!

—Dave Schreiner

## S T A F F

Editors... Denis Kitchen & Dave Schreiner  
Production..... Jan Manweiler  
Circulation..... Paula Sohn

# Raising Nancies

by Howard Ruse

MANY PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT, BACK IN THE FIFTIES, YOU COULD ORDER NANCIES BY CLIPPING TINY ADS IN THE BACK PAGES OF **ESQUIRE** MAGAZINE...



I WAS INTRIGUED ENOUGH TO CLIP A COUPON AND POP IT IN THE MAIL WITH MY WEEK'S ALLOWANCE!



MY MAIL-ORDER NANCIES SOON ARRIVED, PACKAGED IN A NONDESCRIPT CARD-BOARD BOX WHOSE GREYISH LABEL WAS COVERED WITH DENSE, TINY LETTERING IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE!

I PORED OVER A TINY DIAGRAM AND FINALLY FIGURED OUT HOW TO ACTIVATE THEM!



THE TRICK WAS TO SOAK THEM OVERNIGHT IN JELLY GLASSES FILLED WITH AMMONIA WATER!

BY DAWN THEY HAD BLOSSOMED INTO CUNNING MINATURE APPROXIMATIONS OF THEIR FINAL FORM!



...EXCEPT FOR ONE OR TWO THAT TURNED PUTRID AND HAD TO BE FLUSHED!



WITHIN A WEEK MY NANCIES WERE TOTALLY MOBILE!



I HAD TO LAUGH AT THE GOOFY WAY THEY SCAMPED AND WOBLED THIS WAY AND THAT!

IF YOU COULD OVERLOOK THEIR OFF-PUTTING ODOR OF GASEOUS AMMONIA, YOU'D FIND YOURSELF ENDLESSLY AMUSED BY THEIR ANTICS!



THEIR MOST UNEXPECTED ATTRIBUTE WAS A WEIRD SCREECHING NOISE THEY RELENTLESSLY EMITTED—A CROSS BETWEEN A HIGH-PITCHED BELCH AND THE SOUND PRODUCED BY RUBBING THE SURFACE OF A BALLOON!



© 1989 Walt Giersch

# AND I GREW OLDER MYSELF!

IN THE BEGINNING THEY WERE **SMALL** AND **LIGHT!** I HAD FUN THROWING THEM AGAINST THE **WALL!**



UNFORTUNATELY, THEY KEPT ON **GROWING** AND LOST SOME OF THEIR **CUTENESS!**

I BEGAN FINDING MY **NANCIES** **TEDIOUS** TO HAVE AROUND! (MY **FOLKS** HAD **NEVER** BEEN TOO ENTHRALLED WITH THEM!)

HONESTLY!

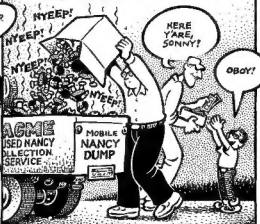
OOOPS!

NYEEP!

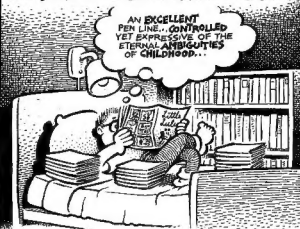
THEY'RE ALWAYS UNDER-FOOT!

NYEEP!

MY **DAD** HEARD ABOUT AN OUTFIT THAT PAID A **COUPLE** OF **BUCKS** A **PIECE** FOR **USED NANCIES!** I DIDN'T **PROTEST** TOO MUCH WHEN HE SUGGESTED THAT PERHAPS THE TIME HAD COME TO **PART COMPANY** WITH THEM!



I USED THE **MONEY** TO BUY SOME GOOD **COMIC BOOKS** THAT I STILL ENJOY READING **TODAY!**

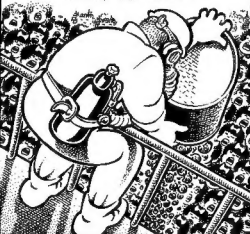


WHAT A **PLEASURE** IT WAS TO WAKE UP TO A WORLD THAT DIDN'T SMELL LIKE **AMMONIA!**

HOWEVER, IT'S A **PLEASURE** THAT DOESN'T FEEL SO **GOOD** SINCE I'VE LEARNED WHAT **FATE** AWAITS **HAPLESS NANCIES** WHO GET SENT BACK HOME TO THE **NANCY FARMS** BY COMPLIANT **DUPES** LIKE ME!



**MATURE NANCIES** ARE **JAMMED** BY THE **HUNDREDS** INTO HORRIFYING **NANCY BINS**, CREATING SUCH A **STENCH** THAT THEIR **FEEDERS** MUST WEAR **GAS MASKS** TO **APPROACH** THEM!



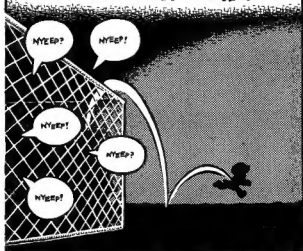
**POOR NUTRITION** CAUSES **DISFIGURING WRINKLES** TO COVER THEIR **ONCE-LOVABLE FACES!**



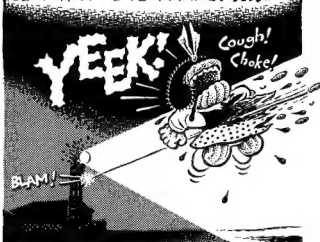
...AND THE **STRESS** OF **OVERCROWDING** RESULTS IN **BIZARRE NEUROTIC** BEHAVIOR—SUCH AS THE **MINDLESS BASHING** OF THEIR **HEADS** TOGETHER FOR **HOURS** ON **END!**



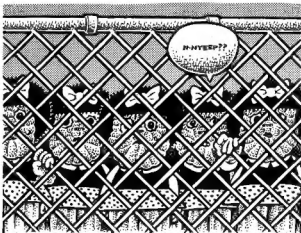
OCCASIONALLY ONE OF THE NANCIES WILL LEAP DESPERATELY OVER THE FENCE AND MAKE A PATHETIC DASH FOR FREEDOM!



THE ECONOMICS OF THE INDUSTRY ARE SUCH THAT IT IS MORE COST-EFFICIENT TO SHOOT SUCH FUGITIVES ON THE SPOT THAN IT WOULD BE TO TRY AND EFFECT A RECAPTURE!



THE SIGHT OF THE ERRANT NANCY'S CARCASS BEING LONGLY CONSUMED BY PASSING SCAVENGERS SERVES TO DETER NANCIES OF SIMILAR INCLINATION FROM PUTTING THEIR ESCAPE FANTASIES INTO ACTION!



IRONICALLY, FOR REASONS THAT THE MOST SEASONED NANCIOLOGISTS HAVE YET TO UNDERSTAND, WHEN NANCIES EXPERIENCE TERROR, HORMONES ARE RELEASED THAT GIVE ADDED LUSTRE TO THEIR VALUABLE PELTS!

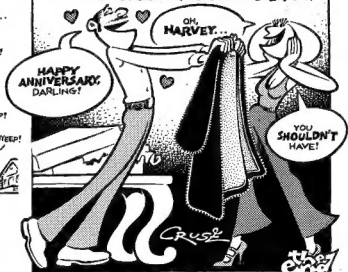
STILL, I CONFESS THAT I'M HAUNTED TO THIS DAY BY THE MEMORY OF MY OWN SWEET, STINKY NANCIES BEING CARTED DOWN THE STREET SO MANY YEARS AGO...

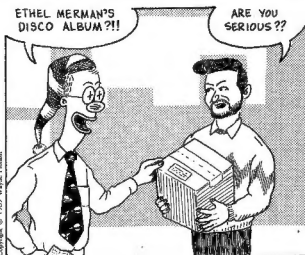
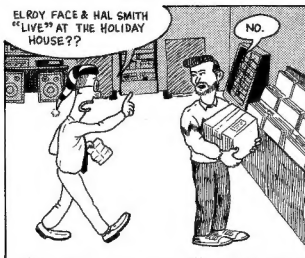
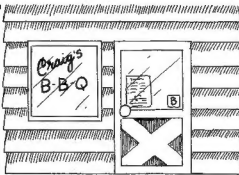
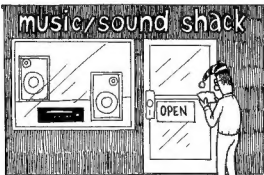


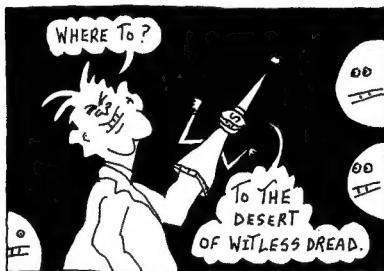
...AND I CAN'T HELP WONDERING...



IS IT WORTH THE AGONY, MR. & MRS. FASHION-CONSCIOUS AMERICA?







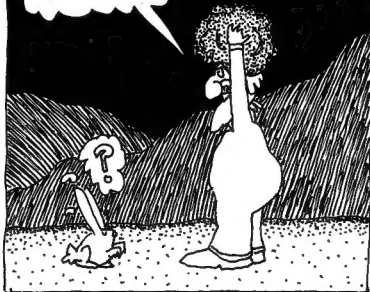
**CRITICS!**



ONE LITTLE SLIP AT  
THE PUPTOWN MALL  
AND I'M SENT TO  
THIS MISERABLE  
PLACE!



SO I'M A VIOLENT CLOWN!  
THE KID DESERVED IT. NO  
ONE GRABS MY CLOWN PARTS  
AND LIVES!



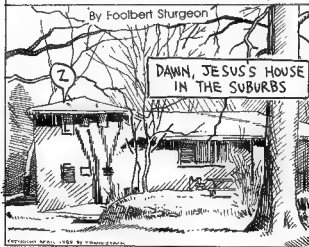




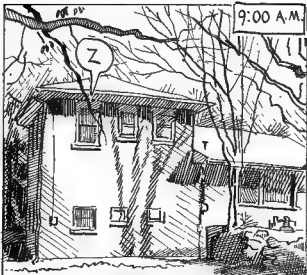


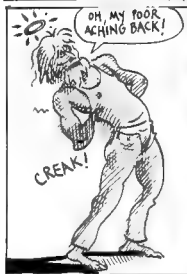
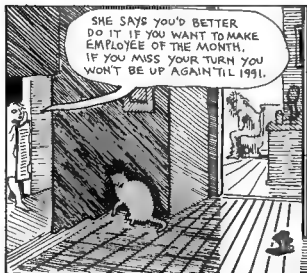
# AT HOME WITH JESUS

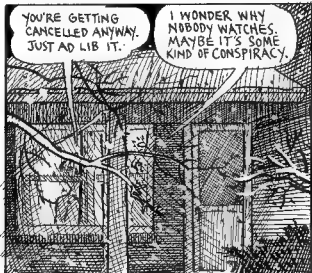
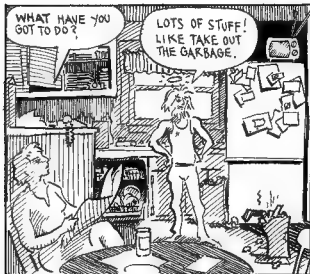
By Foolbert Sturgeon

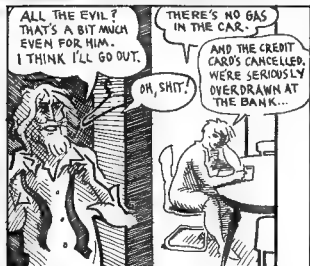
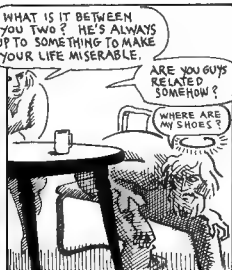
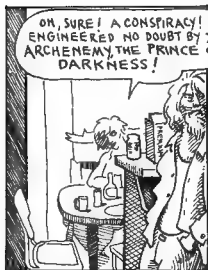


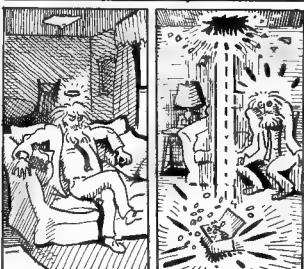
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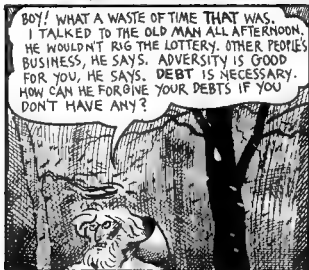














ALL RIGHT, I CONFESS, I DID GO TO (GULP)...

# ART SCHOOL IN THE SEVENTIES

COMMERCIAL ART SCHOOL IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES WAS A WIERD PLACE.

WHATCHA GONNA DO AFTER YOU GRADUATE, MAN?

OH, I THOUGHT I'D RUN A GRAPHIC ARTS DEPARTMENT IN A COMMUNE SYMPATHETIC TO MY IDEOLOGY, MAN.

THERE WERE 4 DEPARTMENTS IN OUR SCHOOL, SOMEHOW IT WAS EASY TO TELL WHO BELONGED WHERE.

INTERIOR DESIGN...

NOW REPEAT AFTER ME CLASS, "OF COURSE WE CAN DO THAT IN AVOGADO, MRS. BEASTLY"

OF COURSE WE CAN.

FREPPIE-TYPES

FURNITURE DESIGN...

NOW REMEMBER, WOOD IS A PRECIOUS RESOURCE\* SO MAKE GOOD USE OF YOUR MATERIALS WHEN YOU DESIGN YOUR HOT TUB.

HOT TUBS ARE AN ESSENTIAL SOCIO-CRATISTIC GADGET FOR THE SEVENTIES

YEH RIGHT.

\*ECOLOGY WAS MORE POPULAR THEN.

NERD-TYPES

ILLUSTRATION...

UND DON'T TELL ME ZIS IS AN IMPOSSIBLE WORK LOAD, YOU SCHVEINHUND!

ASSIGNMENTS

- 1 DRAFT OUT A SPIRAL STR CAGE WITH A MURDER IN THE BACKGROUND
- 2 MAGIC HARMER BENDER VAG OF THE 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100
- 3

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HIPPIE ARTIST-TYPES

ADVERTISING...

OK CLASS, THE ASSIGNMENT IS TO PRODUCE A SELLING PACKAGE DESIGN FOR THIS PRODUCT, DOGGIE DOO DOD SCOPPER DUPE!

I CAN DIG IT!

HA HA.

YUPPIE-TYPES

MY TEACHERS IN ILLUSTRATION PREACHED ONE THING IN THE CLASSROOM...

YOU WILL RENDER ZIS SCOF BALL TO TERVERCTION! I WANT TO ZEE "HIGHLIGHTS," "ARBITRARY VALUES," "VOLUME," I WANT TO ZEE GRASS STAINS, I WANT TO...

SEIG HEIL, SEIG HEIL...

...AND ANOTHER OUT OF THE CLASSROOM.

AH, POLLOCK, DEKONING, MOTHERWELL, ROTHKO, PSYCHIC AUTISM, BLA BLA BLA...



PLAGIARISM WAS THE ULTIMATE SIN! WE WERE ALL SO AWARE OF THE CURRENT GRAPHIC ARTS IT WAS HARD TO GET AWAY WITH.

HEY, I SAW AN ILLUSTRATION LIKE THIS IN THE JUNE ISSUE OF PUNCH

YOU GOT YOUR REED UP YOUR ASS, I WEN'T EVEN SEEN IT YET!



FUCK!

THE WORST WAS 'CRITIQUE DAY,' EVERYONE HAD TO PUT THEIR 'PROJECTS' UP ON THE WALL!!

OK, VAT DO YOU THINK OF JONES' PATHETIC ATTEMPT AT ILLUSTRATING THE THEME 'MURDER'? ZOUND OFF!

UH, SIMPLISTIC, JUVENILE, TOTALLY ASININE!

OH, I THINK IT'S GROOVY IN A EARTHLY SORTA WAY

OHAWHHH JHIT!

IT SUCKS!

BASTIDS!

ATE 3 HITS OF MICRODOT BEFORE CLASS!

OF COURSE IT WASN'T ALL BAD, WHAT WITH FREE SEX AND ABUNDANT DRUGS ALL OVER.

YOU GOING TO THE CRSH OR THE HASH BASH?

NEITHER

TOO MANY PROJECTS

AN CHON MAN, I GOTTA PILE OF BLACK BEAUTIES, YOU CAN DO THOSE SUNDAY NIGHT.

AH, WELL OK.

IT WAS ALL WORTH IT OF COURSE. AFTER WE GRADUATED WE ALL LANDED HIGH-PAYING, INTERESTING JOBS IN THE GRAPHIC ARTS.

ONE YEAR LATER SCREECH!

HOLY SHIT! HEY BOB, YOU MUST HAVE FOUND ONE HELLUNA GOOD ART JOB EH?

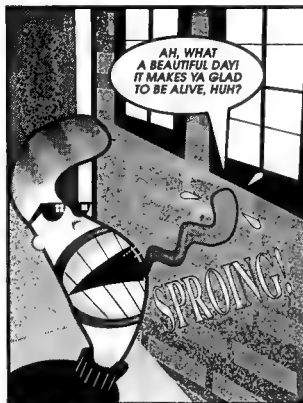
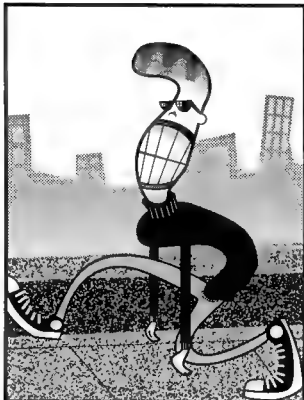


NOW, I GAVE UP THAT ART SHIT A LONG TIME AGO, I'M WORKING FOR MY OLD MAN AT 'SCREWDO' NOW.

THE UNWIND END

© 1989 TORN MAN

# THE MAN WITH THE AUTONOMOUS TONGUE



AH, WHAT  
A BEAUTIFUL DAY!  
IT MAKES YA GLAD  
TO BE ALIVE, HUH?

SPROING!



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU  
TO **NEVER** COME OUT IN  
PUBLIC !!! NOW GET  
BACK IN MY MOUTH !!!

BUT I HATE IT IN THERE!  
IT'S DARK AND HUMID,  
THE HYGIENE SUCKS,  
AND THERE'S **NO ONE** TO  
TALK TO EXCEPT YOUR  
**STUPID CAVITIES !!!**

I WANT TO LEAD MY **OWN LIFE!**  
TO LIVE, LAUGH AND LOVE, TO  
BASK IN THE SUN, TO SMELL THE  
FLOWERS, **AND MAINLY TO HAVE  
MORE OF A SAY IN JUST WHO  
WE HAVE TO FRENCH KISS !!!**

(PLAYING HEARTS  
& FLOWERS . .)

**SO GET THIS STRAIGHT YOU MORON,  
THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO SPEND  
THE REST OF THE DAY IN YOUR MOUTH !!!**

OH, A REVOLT HUH?!! WELL, NO STUPID  
LITTLE PINK TONGUE IS GONNA TELL  
**ME** WHAT TO DO !!!

FUSS!

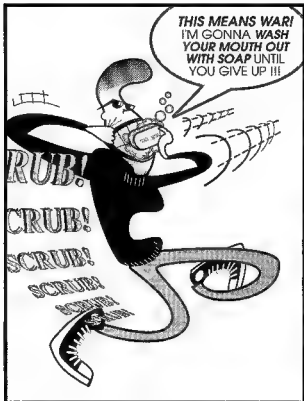
FIZZLE!

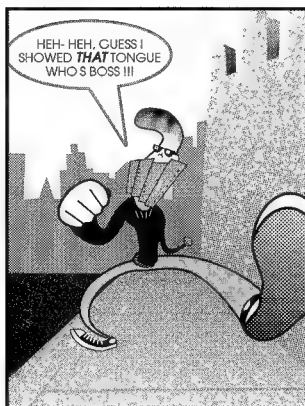
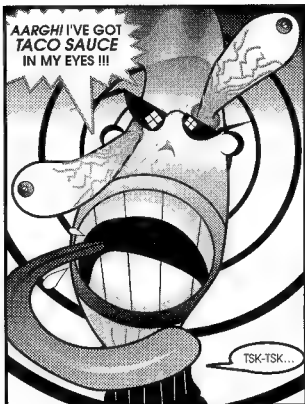
NOW GET BACK  
IN THERE! unk

WONT! YOU  
CANT MAKE ME

LOTS  
OF  
SALIVA!

sign,  
I LOVE THE  
SMELL OF  
SUMMER  
RAIN!





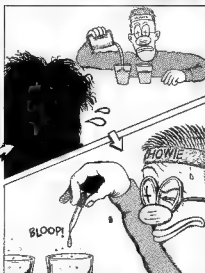
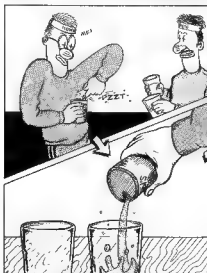
# waiting for gummo

a tragicomedy in 1 page  
ALL DIALOGUE © 1954 SAMUEL BECKETT  
ALL ARTWORK © 1955 TIM SIERGEY

"THE ESSENTIAL  
DOESN'T CHANGE"



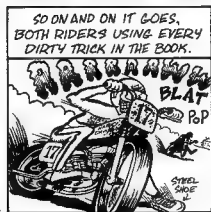
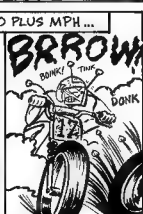
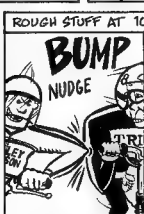
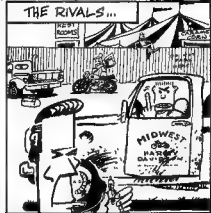
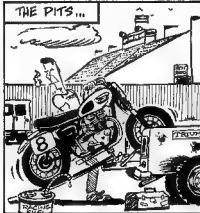
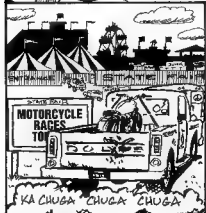
# HOWIE AND PETE IN: YOU POUR, I PICK




A TIP OF THE LID TO THE CARSON KIDS - EATRY & JAY

# BLAAWR! THE MILE! BLAAP!

In The American Tradition of Friendly Competition!





**APRIL 22<sup>ND</sup>, 1988 THE** 

**APRIL 22<sup>ND</sup> 1988 THE PLEASURES OF BEING HUMAN...**

THE HUMAN BODY IS LIKE A  
GOOD, CHERP APARTMENT  
WHOSE RENT KEEPS  
ON GOING  
UP!!

**EVICTED**

**THE PAINS OF BEING HUMAN..**

## ① EATING

MMMMMMMMMM.....  
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FOOD  
WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY!!!



② **SEX**



### ① SLOWING METABOLISM



## ② UNPLANNED PREGNANCY



### ③ SLEEPING



#### ④ HOT SHOWERS



### ③ INSOMNIA



### ④ EXERCISE



⑤ **TALKING DUCK**



## ⑥ BODILY FUNCTIONS



**⑤. LOSS OF BOYISH CHARM**



**⑥ BODILY ODORS**



### ⑦ NOSE PICKING



### ⑧ NAIL BITING



⑦ VOMITING



### ⑧ FAILING EYESIGHT



## ⑨ ZIT POPPING



**10 BODY MUSIC**



## ⑨ SHAVING



## ⑩ HEMORRHOIDS



MAY 22<sup>ND</sup>, 1988



SO, TRISH... HOW DO YOU LIKE THE STRIPS I'VE DONE SO FAR?



LOOK, TRISH... YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT!! I MAKE YOU LOOK **DAMN CUTE** AND YOU KNOW IT !!!



REMEMBER THIS DRAWING YOU DID OF YOURSELF?? IS THIS HOW YOU WANT ME TO DRAW YOU ?? HUH ?? IS IT ??!



I MEANT THAT DRAWING TO BE AN UGLY CARICATURE



ANYWAY, HOW COME YOU'RE STILL DRAWING MY HAIR **WHITE**? I DYED IT DARK LAST WEEK!!



AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR HAIR?? YOU JUST GOT IT CUT REAL SHORT LAST WEEK !!! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ??!



ANYWAY, I'M GROWING IT BACK.



SO WHAT **ELSE** DON'T YOU LIKE ABOUT MY STRIPS ??



WELL, I THINK THIS ONE ABOUT YOUR FAMILY IS TOO NEGATIVE. I MEAN, I'VE MET THEM AND THEY'RE NOT HALF AS BAD AS YOU MAKE THEM OUT TO BE...



WELL IF **THAT'S** THE WAY YOU'RE GONNA BE, YOU CAN JUST LEAVE ME OUT OF YOUR STRIPS ALTOGETHER!!



LOOK, TRISH... IF YOU'RE GONNA RUN WITH ME, Y'GOTTA GO THE DISTANCE!! IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, Y'BETTER GET BACK IN THE SHADE!!



OH, NEVER MIND!! WELL... WHAT OTHER STRIPS DIDN'T YOU LIKE ??!



ARG! LOOK, I'M SORRY I JUST DIDN'T FIND IT ALL THAT CLEAR...



...AND ON THIS OTHER PAGE, WHERE EVERYONE DRAWS YOU, THE READERS AREN'T GONNA KNOW WHO HALF OF THESE PEOPLE ARE...



NOT YET THEY WON'T!! BUT THEY WILL IN TIME! DON'T YOU SEE ??! I'M TRYIN' TO LAY A FOUNDATION!



BUT YOU LIKED THEM OVER ALL, DIDN'T YOU ??



AUG. 31<sup>ST</sup> 1988

YOU'RE IN FOR A TREAT FOLKS, BECAUSE TODAY I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A **'BEHIND-THE-SCENES'** LOOK AT HOW MY STRIPS ARE DONE!!



FIRST, THE DATE GOES UP HERE. I FEEL IT'S IMPORTANT BECAUSE THE ONE THING WE CAN'T ESCAPE IS OUR PLACE IN TIME. AND I, FOR ONE, LIKE TO KNOW WHAT DAY I HAD DIARRHEA ON!

NEXT, I INSTALL THIS LITTLE **SPRINKLER SYSTEM** TO THE BACK OF MY NECK...



...TO PRODUCE THOSE **ALL-UCRUAL SWEAT BEADS!!**



THEN I PULL OUT MY **FULL RANGE OF EXPRESSIONS!!**



WATCH THIS... BUT I DON'T TORTURE CATS!! I SWEAR IT!



HAHAHA! HEEHEE MAN, I'M ALWAYS CRACKING MYSELF UP!! HEH..HEH..

ANYWAY...MOVIN' RIGHT ALONG..



THE NEXT THING I WANNA SHOW YOU IS



**PHOOOSH**



HOW TO MAKE A **WORD BALLOON!!**

NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I CUT THE TAIL OFF!



HOW TO MAKE A **WORD BALLOON!!**

PRETTY COOL, HUN?!



I BLOW UP ALL MY **WORD BALLOONS** BEFOREHAND!!



NOW WATCH THIS!



**PUPPY DOG!!**



HAHAHA! HEEHEE MAN, I'M ALWAYS CRACKING MYSELF UP!! HEH..HEH..

ANYWAY...MOVIN' RIGHT ALONG..



HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE EVER WONDERED HOW THESE **FADES** AROUND MY HEAD ARE DONE?



NOT TO MENTION THE GREAT **SILHOUETTE SHOTS!!**....



WELL, NOW YOU KNOW!!



...BUT THERE'S **ONE THING** I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT.. IT'S THOSE LITTLE **FLOATIN' LABELS** WITH **ARROWS**



...THEY JUST SEEM TO **HAPPEN UNPREDICTABLY!** IT'S **UNCANNY!!** I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!



..ANYWAY, THAT'S ALL I HAVE TIME FOR TODAY, FOLKS.. IN THE **FUTURE** I PLAN TO



..TO..UH..SHOW YOU..UH..HOW TO...UH..HEY!! WHY'S EVERY ONE **SMILING?!**

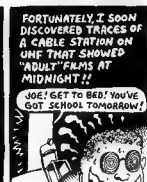
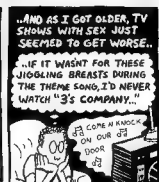
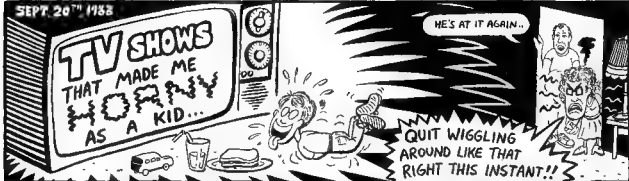


**WHAT?!** THEY KNOW I'M ON THE **TOILET?!** BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD THEY? I-I-I-UH UM..



(AHEM) WELL, FOLKS- I'VE GOT THE **RUNS!** ER- I MEAN- I'VE GOT TO **RUN!!** SEE 'YA!!





# BONUS FEATURE!! TV DANCES

- 1 THE AIR DANCE  
FOUND IN: HITCHCOCK FILMS, AIRPLANE FILMS
- 2 THE BLOOD DANCE  
FOUND IN: CRIME + GANGSTER FILMS
- 3 THE FIRE DANCE  
FOUND IN: DISASTER FILMS, ACTION DRAMA
- 4 THE DIRT DANCE  
FOUND IN: HORROR + CULT FILMS
- 5 THE ANT DANCE  
COMMONLY KNOWN AS "STATIC."

# WHAT SUPERMAN MEANS TO ME

STORY BY  
HARVEY PEKAR  
ART BY  
GARY DUMM  
with a cameo  
appearance  
by ROBERT  
CRUMB

LESSEE, WUD I TAKE  
IN 50 FAR-525<sup>00</sup>  
- NOT TOO HOT FOR  
TWO HOURS.

ATTENTION, PLEASE,  
STAN LEE WILL BE  
SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS  
IN ARTISTS ALLEY  
FOR ONE HOUR  
BEGINNING NOW...

OHH,  
STAN  
LEE!

HE'S  
A  
LEGEND

GREAT!  
NOW  
ANYONE  
THAT WANTS  
T'BUY SUMPN'  
FROM ME'LL  
BE CUT OFF  
BY THESE  
AUTOGRAPH  
HOUNDS!

LATER...

SOME PEOPLE IN 'AT LINE MUST BE FIFTY, SIXTY YEARS OLD. DON'T THEY HAVE NO SHAME?

HIYA, HARVEY, I'M TIM GORMAN, WE'VE TALKED ON THE PHONE.

OH, YEAH, YOU'RE THE GUY THAT WANTS T'PUT UP THAT STATUE A' SUPERMAN IN CLEVELAND.

RIGHT... SAY I WONDER IF I COULD INTEREST YOU IN A PROJECT WE'RE WORKING ON? WE'RE TRYING TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE STATUE BY PUTTING OUT A COMIC BOOK ABOUT SUPERMAN AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING.

IT'D REALLY BE APPROPRIATE IF YOU DID. SIEGEL AND SHUSTER HAD A WORKING CLASS JEWISH BACKGROUND LIKE YOU...

YEAH, BUT WHAT COULD I DO FOR A BOOK LIKE THAT? I DON'T CARE ABOUT SUPER HEROES; IN FACT I THINK THE FACT THAT SUPERHEROES, STARTING WITH SUPERMAN HAVE BEEN SO POPULAR HAS STUNTED THE GROWTH OF COMIC BOOKS

IT'S PRACTICALLY A ONE GENRE MEDIUM AIMED AT KIDS...

I MEAN, I KNOW SIEGEL AND SHUSTER COULDN'T FORESEE THAT BUT...

SUPERMAN ... FEH!

CHAZZER! CHOLERIA!  
FAKE! A RICH JEWISH  
SUPERHERO LIKE YOU —  
HOGS THE WHOLE COMIC  
BOOK FIELD — WON'T DO  
A THING FOR A SERIOUS  
YIDDISCHE WRITER  
LIKE ME!!!

Glossary:  
CHAZZER —  
PIG  
CHOLERIA —  
CHOLERA  
RACHMONES —  
HAVE PITY

OOF!

...OY, RACHMONES,  
HARVEY, PLEASE! I  
AIN'T GOT TIME T'HELP  
EV'RYBODY, DO I?? I  
GOTTA FIGHT BIG GOYISCHE  
VILLAINS LIKE LUTHOR...WE  
GOT THE JEWISH WELFARE  
FUND FOR GUYS LIKE  
YOU...

RIGHT, THEY COULDN'T  
FORESEE IT, AND,  
Y'KNOW, LET'S FACE  
IT, SUPERMAN'S  
POPULARITY HAD  
A LOT TO DO  
WITH  
COMIC BOOKS  
SURVIVING AS  
A FORM, EVEN  
IF YOU DON'T  
LIKE THE WAY  
THEY'RE  
BEING USED  
NOW.

HMM... WELL,  
LEMMIE THINK ABOUT  
IT... MAYBE I C'N  
COME UP WITH  
SUMP'N.

O.K. THANKS,  
HARVEY. THAT'S  
ALL I ASK  
YOU TO DO.

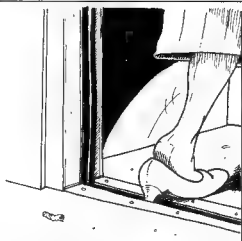
WELL.  
SEE  
YA.

OH, HEY, I FERGOT  
T'ASK — 'IS THERE  
ANY MONEY IN THIS  
— I MEAN IS THERE  
ANYTHING IN IT  
FOR ME?

not THE END  
but certainly  
THE BOTTOM LINE

# Elevator Man

by Clayman & Via



CLAYMAN & VIA © 89

YOU GET YOUR HEEL CAUGHT IN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT AS YOU STEP OUT AND YOU HOLD EVERYTHING UP AS THE OFFICE PEOPLE CONTACT THE ELEVATOR MAN TO FREE YOU. MEANWHILE, IT'S LIKE A 10-STORY BUILDING AND PEOPLE WHO DON'T KNOW YOU HATE YOU BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO WALK STAIRS. YOU CAME HERE FOR AN INTERVIEW AND NOW YOU WON'T GET THE JOB BECAUSE THE PERSON INTERVIEWING YOU... IS ON THE 10TH FLOOR



OFFICE PEOPLE WALK BY WITH PIN-STRIPES, MANILA FOLDERS, AND BI-FOCALS ARE LOWERED ON NOSES WHICH SNORT. THESE BESTIAL NOISES ARE DIRECTED AT YOU! THE ONES WITH PENCILS BEHIND THEIR EARS ARE THE WORST.



THE ANGLE OF THE PENCIL MUST POKE AT THEIR BRAINS, MAKING THEM NASTY. YOU WANT TO DO TERRIBLE THINGS WITH THE PENCILS AND THEIR ANATOMIES. YOU CAN'T EVEN LOOK DOWN AT THE GROUND, BECAUSE YOU SEE YOUR FEET... FEELING STUPID ALL OVER AGAIN.



PEOPLE COME TO GAWK... THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE THE PROFESSIONALISM TO PRETEND THEY'RE LOOKING AT SOMETHING ELSE. THEY OUT AND OUT GAWK. WHEN PEOPLE LOOK YOU LOOK TOO, BUT SOON THEY SEE YOU STANDING LOP-SIDED AND THEY KNOW IT'S YOU. THEY SHOULD BE LOOKING AT BECAUSE IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT. SOON THE EXCITEMENT WEARS DOWN AND AMID RINGING PHONES AND HUMMING TYPEWRITERS, YOU STAND ALONE... WAITING FOR THE ELEVATOR MAN.





HE COMES TO YOU IN A BLUE UNIFORM THAT LOOKS AS IF IT'S BEEN IRONED TO HIS SKIN. HE SAYS HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO SAVE THE SHOE. YOU TELL HIM TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO SET YOU FREE. HE SAYS NOBODY IS REALLY FREE. AND YOU FIND OUT HE HAS A DOCTORATE IN PHILOSOPHY BUT MAKES MORE MONEY FIXING ELEVATORS... BLUE CROSS / BLUE SHIELD DOESN'T COVER PH.D'S.



WHEN HE SENDS THE ELEVATOR WHIRLING PEOPLE APPLAUD AND YOU THINK IT MUST BE NICE TO GET STANDING OVATIONS FOR THE WORK YOU DO. HE HANDS YOU THE BROKEN HEEL. YOU SAVE IT FOR A FRIEND WHO MAKES JEWELRY OUT OF DUMB THINGS.

# L • E • T • T • E • R • S

Introducing: the first ever **Snarf** letters page! We're so excited! You'd better collect this issue, it's a number one! But listen, if we get enough response, we'll be glad to run another one. Any comments? Write:

**Snarf**  
c/o Kitchen Sink Press  
2 Swamp Rd.  
Princeton WI 54968

## GROTCHEd BY WORDEN

Well, you did it; for the first time in the history of **Snarf** (as far as I can recall) you offended me. Usually it takes something by S. Clay Wilson to do that.

No, it wasn't the cover; pretty funny. Nor "Latex Love"—gross, but also a laugh; nor "California"—I already knew that; nor "Head Case"—I could find far grosser splatter in the videos at King Soopers; nor Joe Matt's stuff, which was rather sweet and among the best stuff in the issue; nor "Auntie Moo," by my favorite underground artist, Howard Cruse (though his "Creepy Snuff Pom" in #10 was one of the most effective and disturbing things I've ever seen).

It was "Fundamentalism" that grotched me. With the fundies trying to erase

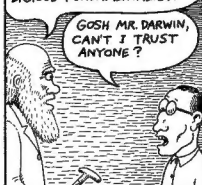
any remaining traces of quality in high school biology education, we don't need **Snarf** adding its bit. I don't know if Dennis Worden is a fundie or a New Wave airhead or what, but the whole thing could have been taken from an Institute for Creation Research book.

It starts off with one of the creationists' favorite lines: that evolution is "just" a theory, that it's just "an idea, a guess, a speculation." Like hell! Maybe in every-

day speech, but science uses "hypothesis" for such things. "Theory" is reserved for large, solid bodies of knowledge like gravitational theory, the theory of relativity, or quantum theory. The theory of evolution, like the others, has plenty of disputable stuff around the edges, but also a large core that's better-established than most of what the man in the street would call "fact."

Then comes the old bit about jumps in

LOOK BOB, JUST REMEMBER THAT SCIENTISTS CAN BE JUST AS STUPID, PIG HEADED AND MYTH BELIEVING AS ANY RELIGIOUS FUNDAMENTALIST.



NO! NOT EVEN YOURSELF! YOU SWALLOWED THAT RANDOM GENETIC MUTATION SHIT SO YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED AT ALL... YER A REAL IDIOT... OR MAYBE EVEN AN IMBECILE... COULD BE SOME BRAIN DAMAGE...



the fossil record. Yes, Darwin got this wrong; the record is irrefutably gappy. But there are nonetheless cases where gradual evolution is found, and the modern synthesis has an explanation for the remaining gaps. Speciation generally occurs swiftly (in geological terms: thousands or tens of thousands of years) and in small (seldom-fossilized), isolated populations that later expand. The latter point also disposes of the next argument, about the existing gene pool overwhelming mutations.

The argument about beneficial mutations being unlikely is a bald assertion, and it's simply false. Even in the microscopic minority of plants and animals observed by scientists in the last century, beneficial mutations have been seen, and over a billion years they really add up. Drug resistance in bacteria is a good example: bacteria keep coming up with mutations that enable them to break down new compounds that never occur in nature. Beneficial mutations—for the bacteria.

Then there's that final insult, unrelated to the data. "Fear that there may be a greater intelligence," faugh! Show me

some. No doubt there are a few people with that fear; I don't know anyone who has it. But it's trivial and harmless next to the obvious fear that Nobodaddy Up On High doesn't exist or doesn't care, a fear that would grip most of the people in the world if they even let themselves consider it. And that latter fear has been, and still is, far more destructive to reason. If this unspecified "It" really directs evolution, biologists will eventually run into a dead end and have to admit it. But as long as you swallow "It" you're impervious to all facts and arguments; anything whatever can be explained away as the will of It, and we all know that It Moves In Mysterious Ways.

None of this is obscure. Any reasonably intelligent person could get most or all of it by reading, say, one of Stephen Jay Gould's essays collections, let alone a book specifically devoted to countering creationist drivel. Even if they didn't believe it, they would realize the shallowness of the fifty-year-old chestnuts being peddled here. There's only one person in these pages who's pig-headed and myth-

believing, and his name is Dennis Worden, not Bob.

**Philip M. Cohen**

West Chester PA

Copy to National Center for Science Education, Inc.

**Dennis Worden replies:**

Philip baby! Relax! It's only a cartoon! You react much like what I'd expect a religious fundamentalist to react if I stepped on one of their precious beliefs. (Does this tell you anything?) And as I'd expect from them, you didn't always hear what I was actually saying. I said evolution theory was just a theory. I believe in evolution. It's just the mechanics of it I question. And if "speciation" occurs "swiftly," be it in small isolated groups or not, then you too should question the mechanics of standard evolutionary theory. But I'm sure you won't.

Also I'm not saying that beneficial mutations do not occur, but that random accidental mutations cannot explain evolution and are incredibly unlikely to be beneficial. I'd say that bacteria you mentioned did not randomly mutate but specifically adapted. Is that so stupid? Is it so hard to consider that there may be a life force which is adaptive, creative, intelligent? Is that idea so threatening to you? Does it upset your precious little mental model of the universe?

You pat yourself on the back thinking you're facing the cold cruel facts but you're really only packaging reality into tidy little boxes of organized "truth" that are easily grasped by the linear mind. You find comfort in this, same as one might find comfort in a simplistic concept of GOD. You don't like your boxes shaken, in fear they may spill. That is the fear I addressed in the strip. It's not a conscious fear but one that hides in the gut and causes emotional reactions to any challenge to the beliefs you cling to.

Yes it's a crime what the religious fundamentalist "creationists" are trying to do in our schools. I'm against dogma of any sort. Be it religious fundamentalism or materialist fundamentalism.

Your friend,  
Dennis Worden

## HI JINX AT THE OPTIMISTS

I am writing this letter to get permission to use a copy of the *Snarf* cover to #11 in our members' bulletin. About 50 bulletins are issued every week to the Lapfer Optimist members. It would make the perfect joke on Larry Van Norman. He is in charge of Bicycle Safety Week and is always making jokes about getting our bicycle seats in so he can check them.

I would really appreciate an OK. Thank you.

**Daniel G. Gerlach**

President, Lapfer Optimist Club, Lapfer MI

This request is simply one more proof—if one more proof was needed—of the hideous scars underground comics have made and are making upon the previously pristine moral fabric of America. Sure, Daniel, go ahead, print it. Just don't blame us when 50 Lapfer Optimists go storming through the streets, snatching bicycles and generally carrying on. And don't forget Rand Holmes' copyright notice, either. You're welcome.



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